
ZDENĚK SVĚRÁK
PAN BUŘTÍK a
PAN ŠPEJLIČKA
?
!
ILUSTROVAL JIŘÍ VOTRUBA

Albatros



Mr. Buřtík and Mr. Špejlička

By Zdeněk Svěrák

Illustrated by Jiří Votruba

Zdeněk Svěrák

Pan Buřtík a pan Špejlička




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HOW THE TWO MET



When Mr. Buřtík and Mr. Špejlička first met, they laughed.

"There's nothing wrong with that, sir," said Mr. Skejlicka, "but what are you laughing at like that?"

"I'm laughing at the two of us," replied Mr. Buřtík.

"I'm laughing at the two of us too!" Exclaimed Mr. Špejlička. "We look like what? One as a barrel and the other as a stick."

Since they didn't want to say goodbye, when they had only barely met, they went to the Rozmarýnka restaurant together. Mr. Buřtík said to the waiter:

"Start wearing a loaf of bread."

Mr. Špejlička ordered a cup of linden tea and one biscuit.



"Something tells me," he leaned over to Mr. Buřtík, "that the two of us should become friends."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Buřtík, pushing the twelfth plate with a few husks away from the crush.

They decided to drink to their new friendship. Mr. Špejlička with linden tea and his friend in love with Bublinka brand lemonade. Then Mr. Špejlička got a great idea.

"This is where I read in the newspaper," he says, "that the famous circus Europe stopped in the town of Žatec. What if we tried our luck as a ridiculous couple or comic duo?"

"Do you think we could do that?" Mr. Buřtík hesitated.

But Mr. Špejlička was already paying the expense, and waving wildly with his thin hands, he declared:



"Two of us? Bah! We just stand next to each other and everyone will be laughing!"

And indeed - whoever they met on the way to the station smiled at them. Only one person did not smile. He was carrying a bag on his back and something was moving in it.

"What do you have in that bag?" Mr. Buřtík struck him directly.

"Puppies. Many have been born and no one wants them. I'm going to drown them," the man said.

"You wouldn’t!" Said Mr. Skejlicka. "That no one wants them? For example, we want them. Don’t we, Mr. Buřtík?”

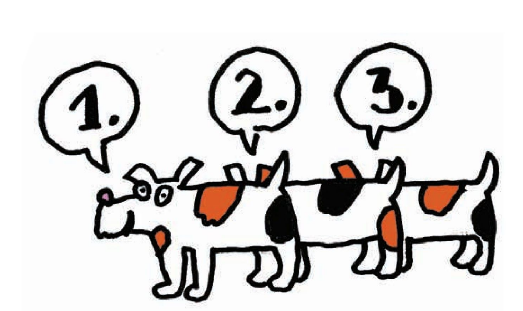
So then they had three dogs. And they only took a few more steps before stumbling upon a sparrow.

"I'd say he's sick," Mr. Buřtík guessed.

Mr. Špejlička took the sparrow in his hand.

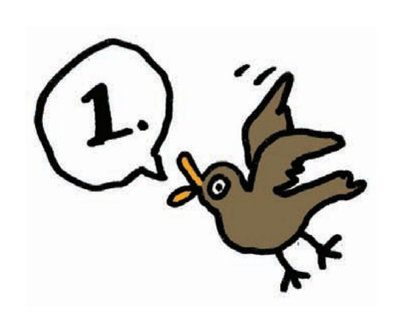
"He's not sick, but he can't fly yet. He's a toddler."

And so, they had three puppies and a sparrow in a sack.



At the station, however, our friends got into trouble. Mr. Buřtík could not get into the car because he was so large that he did not make it through the door.

"Go alone," he told Mr. Špejlička, "I will come to you by freight train."



But the station clerk stuck his head out of the window like a cuckoo from the clock and said:

"You cannot be transported by train other than a passenger train, because unfortunately you are a person."

Fortunately, he was walking past the driver Příhoda.

"Travel as co-luggage," he whispered to Mr. Buřtík. "You'll be loaded smoothly into a company car that has a barn door."

"Quick to the cooper!" Mr. Špejlička stepped forward.

The cooper made a tailor-made box for Mr. Buřtík.

"I'll write DO NOT KNOCK on it! So that you are not unnecessarily turned on the track, "he said.



"Don't write that," said Mr. Buřtík, "It would be better if they turned me around, because I can't stay in one position for long."

"Then I'll write KNOCK! And you will be on your back for a while, on your stomach for a while and on your side for a while, "suggested the master cooper.

And it stayed that way. Mr. Buřtík took the box on his back and they went to the station again. Along the way, they bought rolls and milk for their animals, three kilograms of stuffing, two loaves of bread and twelve Bublinka brand lemonades, so that Mr. Buřtík could have a snack on the train. Mr. Špejlička also jumped into the toy store and when he returned, he said:

"Here you go, so you don't be sad in the box."

Mr. Buřtík was moved to see the shiny winding accordion Virtuos in his palm.

"It's a wind-up!" Said Mr. Špejlička anxiously. "We spent money on a pushpin and an accordion, and we had no train left."

But his robust friend smiled and unbuttoned his jacket.

"Read, dear friend, what is written here on the vest."

Mr. Špejlička saw an inscription embroidered with gold thread:

THERE IS NO POCKET. IT'S JUST A BEAUTIFUL SLIP.

"I embroidered an inscription to deceive pickpockets," said Mr. Buřtík. "Actually, there's a hidden pocket."

"Sophisticated, it must be acknowledged," Mr. Špejlička praised, and when they counted all the money in the secret pocket, they found that they could set out on their feet.

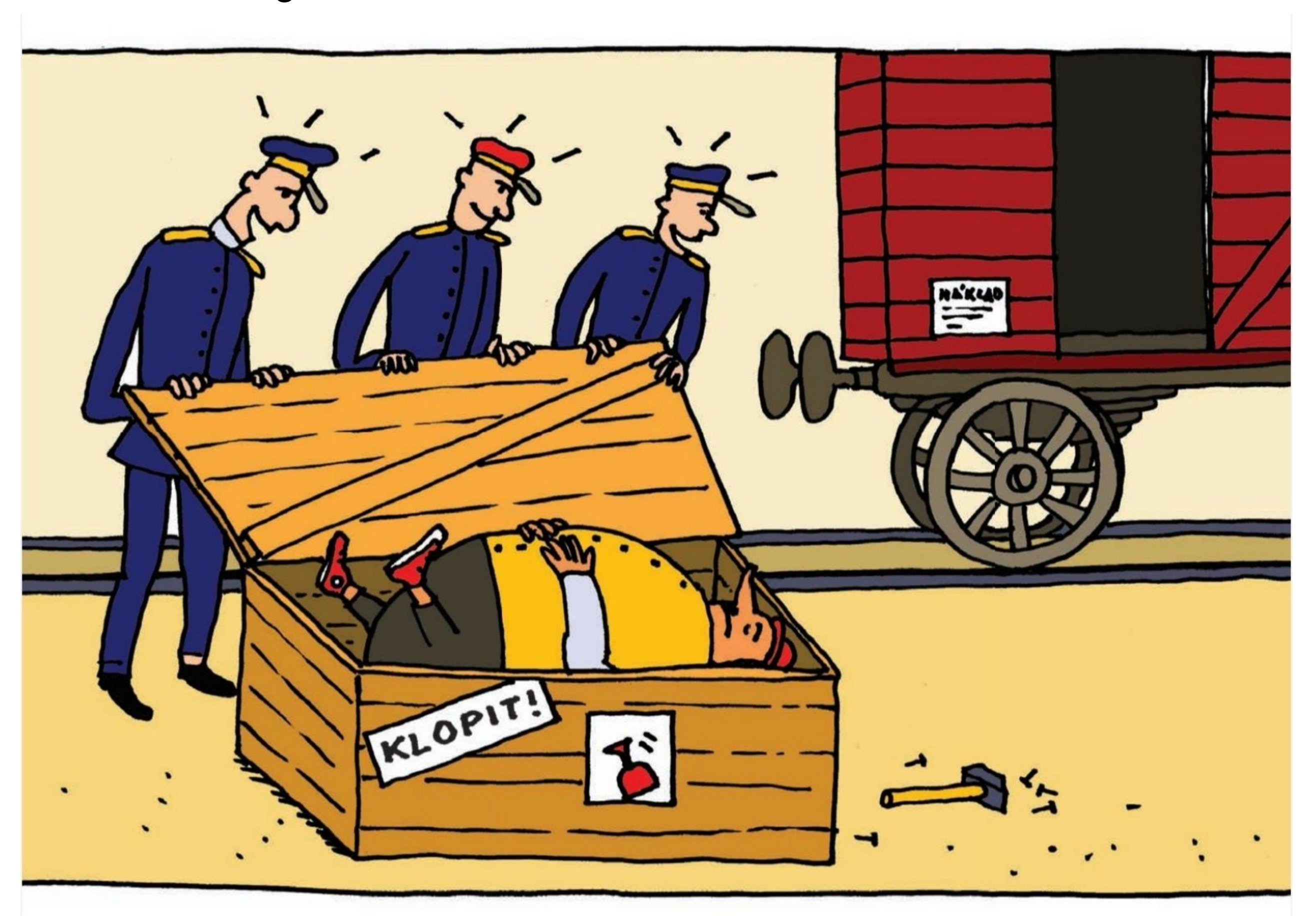
Mr. Buřtík climbed into the box and Mr. Špejlička hammered the lid with four nails.

"Hey there, porters!" He shouted in a strong voice.

The porters grabbed the box, but were surprised by its weight.

"What is in here?" They asked.

What now? Mr. Špejlička did not want to reveal that he has a friend in his box. What if the porters said no, that's against the rules? And at that moment, Mr. Buřtík played the accordion in the box. We lacked that, to betray yourself like this, Mr. Špejlička was horrified. But the bearers brightened their faces:



"We immediately thought it was a gaming machine! No, gaming machines tend to be sacramentally difficult. "

"Why don't you tip the shipment?" Said the railroad worker at the scales. "Can't you see it's explicitly written KLOPIT?"

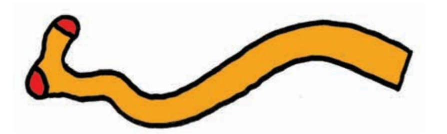
The porters struggled to overturn the box. Mr. Buřtík is now lying on his stomach, Mr. Špejlička thought. But then he saw Bublinka lemonade flowing out of the box.

"Are we leaking from the shipment?" The railroad workers wondered.

Everything is revealed, Mr. Špejlička despaired. Here, however, Mr. Buřtík started playing the song Teče voda, teče. Everyone around grunted in recognition:

“Nice machine! He plays and shows right away."

Mr. Špejlička rested. He didn't lie a word, and everything was a joy. The box with Mr. Buřtík was loaded into a company car.



In Žatec at the railway station, Mr. Špejlička opened it and they both happily walked into the city. A long stocking hung from the first floor of a house. Mr. Špejlička tugged gently at it, and the lady peeked out of the window.

"Have I knitted so much already?" She wondered. "Now that I'm steaming again. Oh no."

"We would like your stocking," Mr. Špejlička said.

They bought it for five crowns and even learned from the lady where the circus Europe is. On the way, they stopped at an optician and bought glasses.

"What's the use of glasses?" Mr. Buřtík queried.



"If we have a stocking, we must also have glasses," replied Mr. Špejlička, not revealing more.

A circus boy sweeping in front of the tent showed them the director's caravan. It was strange that water dripped from it in several places.

"We'll wait a while, Mr. Director is taking a shower," Mr. Špejlička decided, but the boy said:

"The director is not taking a shower. Mr. Director is crying. Clown Gustav ran out on us. "

Mr Špejlička said:

"That means we're on call!" And he was already knocking on the caravan door.



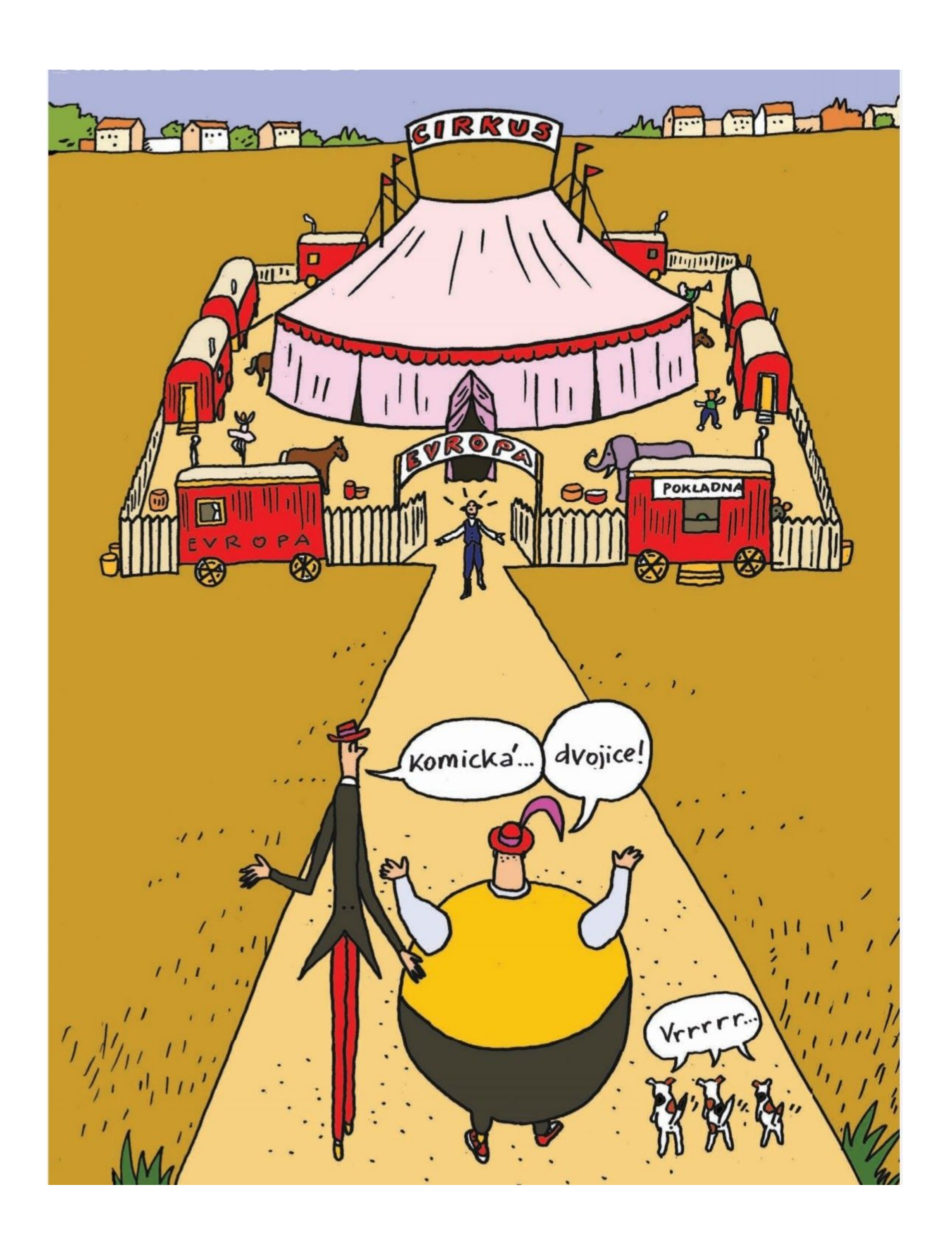
"A comedy duo?" Cried the circus director, and as soon as he wiped away the tears of grief, tears of happiness ran down his cheeks. "At least that's great!" He said. "But since we don't have time to
Audition you, you will go on straight away."

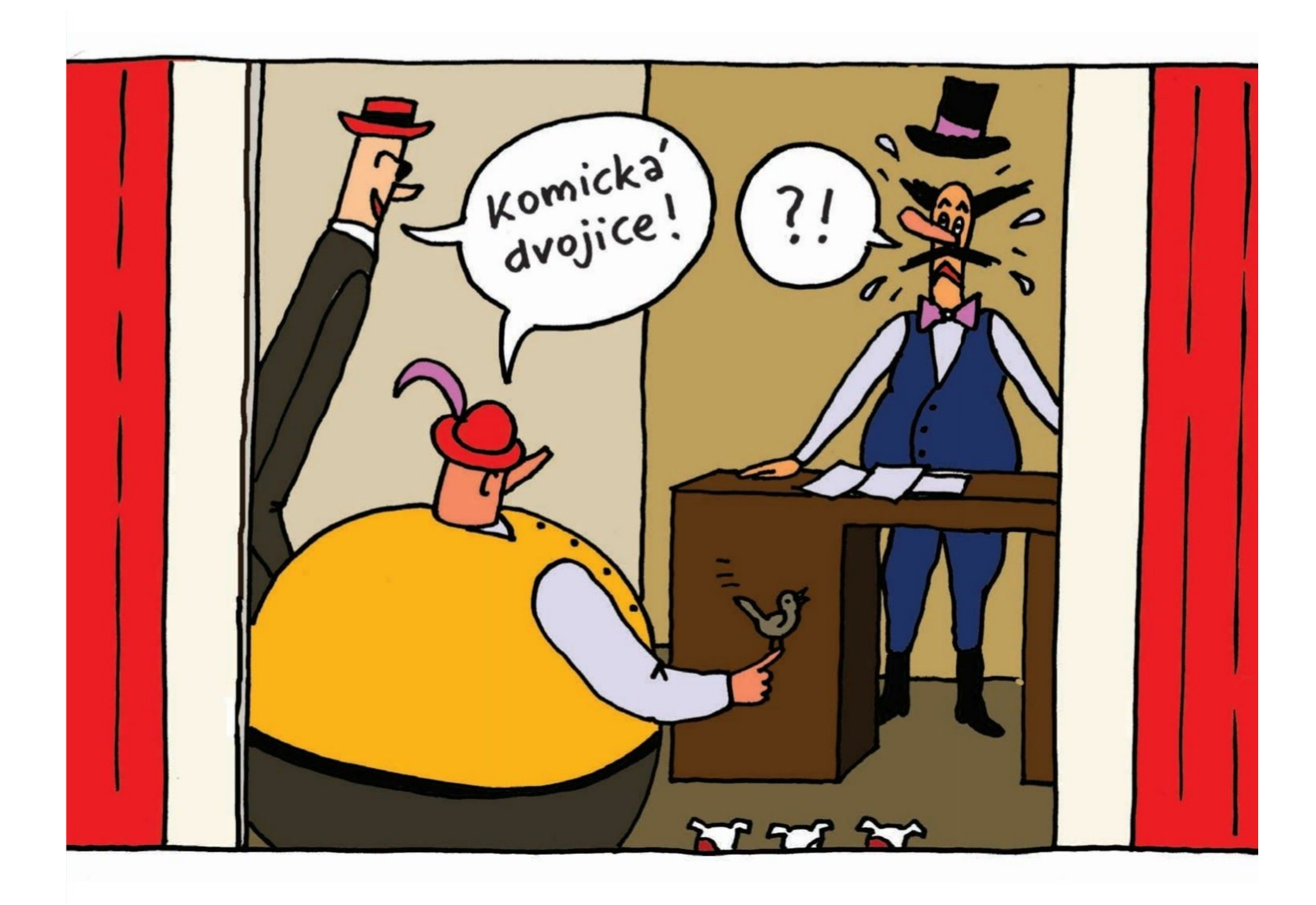
The afternoon program for children and youth has just begun.

"Mr. Špejlička," whispered Mr. Buřtík full of anxiety, "what are we going to do?"

"We will stand side by side, and no one will keep from laughing," Mr. Špejlička reassured him.

The director had already pushed them into the arena. When the children saw them, there was a real laugh. But it stopped for a moment. Everyone eagerly waited for the two to show. However, they did not show anything.


CIRKUS
EVROPA
POKLADNA
EVROPA
Komická...
dvojice!
Vrrrrr...



Mr. Buřtík looked at Mr. Špejlička, and when he saw that he bowed slightly, he also bowed. There was a faint applause.

The two friends looked at each other as if waiting for advice from each other, then began to back away from behind the curtain, still bowing.

The audience made a startled noise.

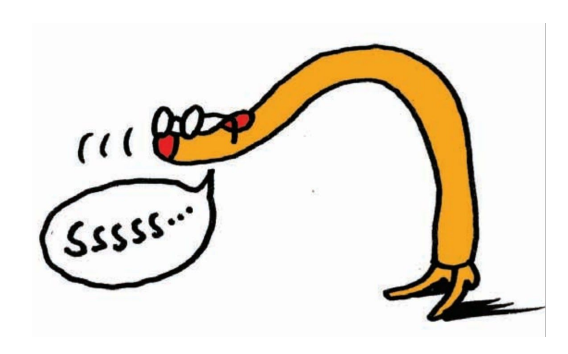
"What was that?" The headmaster asked.

"We introduced ourselves to the audience. The next part will be in a while," said Mr. Špejlička.

So the director sent acrobats on the horizontal bar to the arena.

Mr. Buřtík confided to his friend that he was scared.

"It seems to me that our show was not as beloved as we expected," he said.



But Mr. Špejlička did not lose heart.

"We'll show off the Indian glasses," he said, and began to put the long stocking over his thin body.

Mr. Buřtík put Mr. Špejlička's glasses on him and put his friend in a box. When the acrobats were finished, he placed the box in the middle of the arena.

"Dear children," he said in a trembling voice, "I have a dangerous reptile in this box called an Indian spectacle."

The audience rustled in amazement. Mr. Buřtík reached into his pocket for his accordion and played. The lid slowly opened and Mr. Špejlička stuck his head out in his stocking with his glasses on.

"Yeah!" Came from the auditorium.

But then bad luck stuck to the heels of the artists.

The stocking caught on a nail, and as Mr. Špejlička rolled out, it was steaming and everything was visible: his arms and legs.

"It's not a snake! That's a skinny gentleman! "The children shouted.

Mr. Špejlička, shaken by the accident, climbed out of the box and said:

"Now we will show you a special sparrow!"

He reached into his bag and sat the bird on his index finger. Mr. Buřtík adjusted his finger and lured the sparrow to fly over to him. But the sparrow only crouched.

"Dear children," exclaimed Mr. Špejlička solemnly, "you have just seen a unique spectacle: a sparrow that can be shy. The training lasted two months. Applaud him."

The children applauded faintly.

"As the third issue, we will show you three trained dogs," Mr. Špejlička announced.

There was an enthusiastic applause.

"To tell you the truth," added Mr. Špejlička, already sweaty on his forehead, "the exercises are not ready yet, but they will be. Who would train such small puppies like that!"

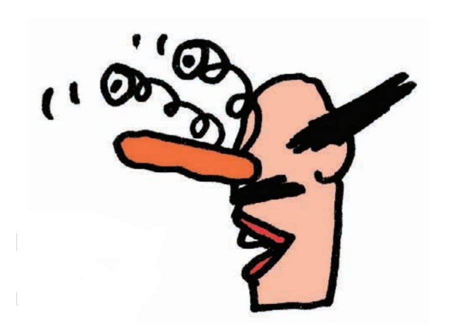
Mr. Buřtík took the bag and said: "You have a great opportunity. You can pet dogs that are enthusiastic to become famous."

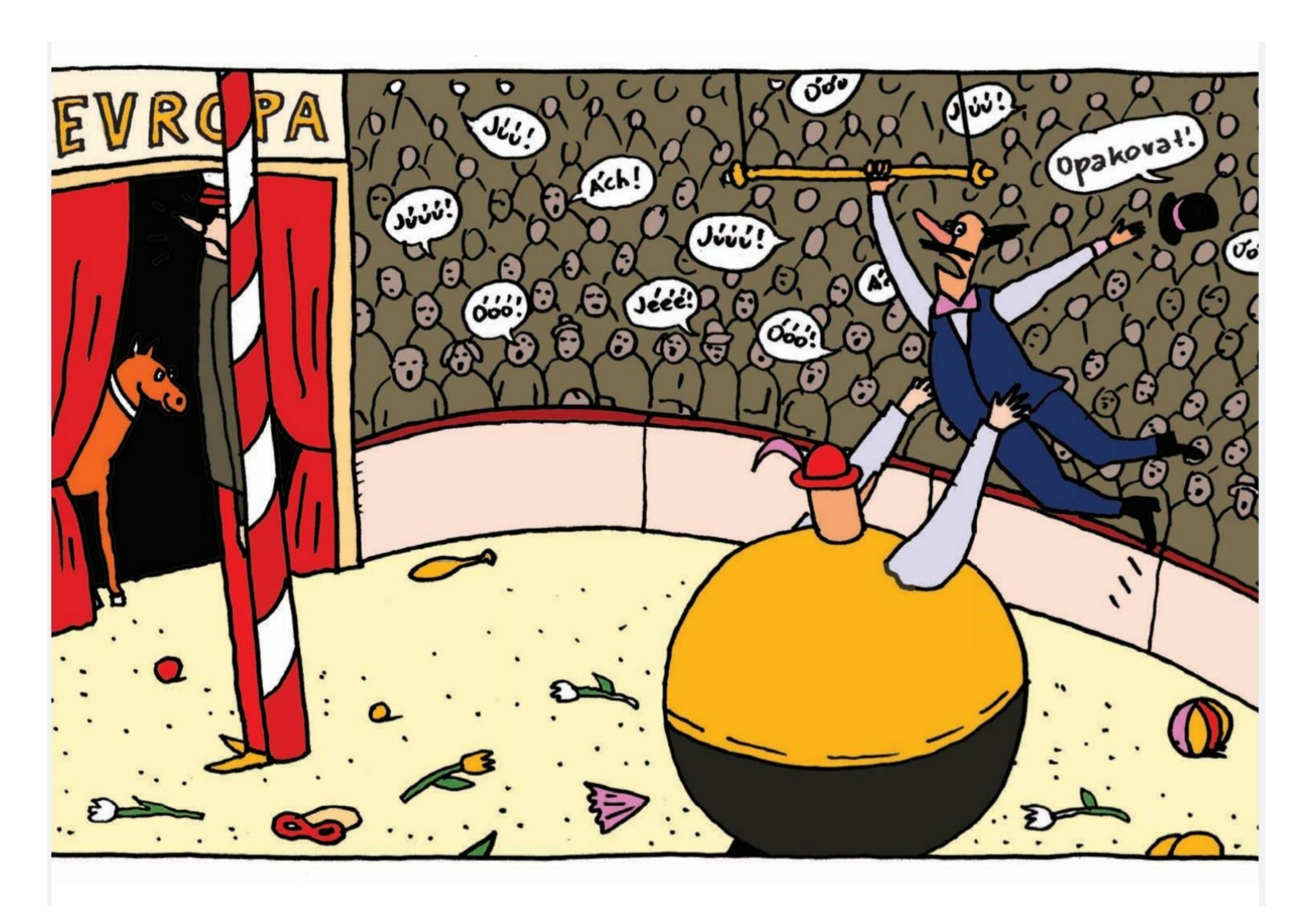
Everyone wanted to pet the puppies. However, the one who did not want to touch them at all was the director of the circus. Suddenly he appeared in the arena and, with his eyes almost raised from his sockets, said:

"The end, I don't want, immediately, never, forever, out!"

Mr. Špejlička was startled and hid behind the pole that supported the tent.

"Where'd he go?" Shouted the headmaster. "Tell me immediately where your Lace or whatever it's called is hiding!"





"I don't know," said Mr. Buřtík, and the audience laughed because they thought it was part of the show.

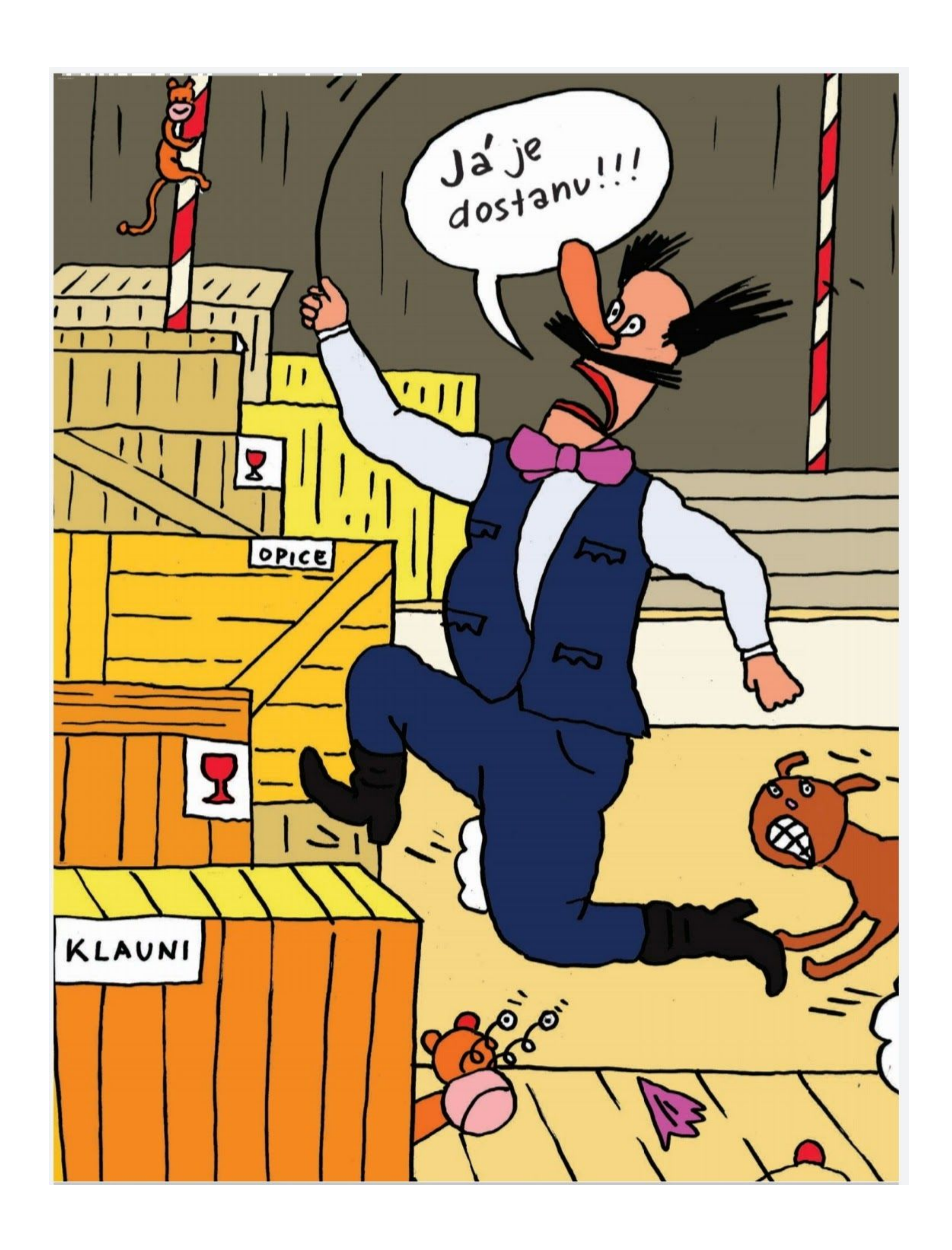
"I'll find him!" Shouted the headmaster, walking toward the pole behind which Mr. Špejlička was trembling.

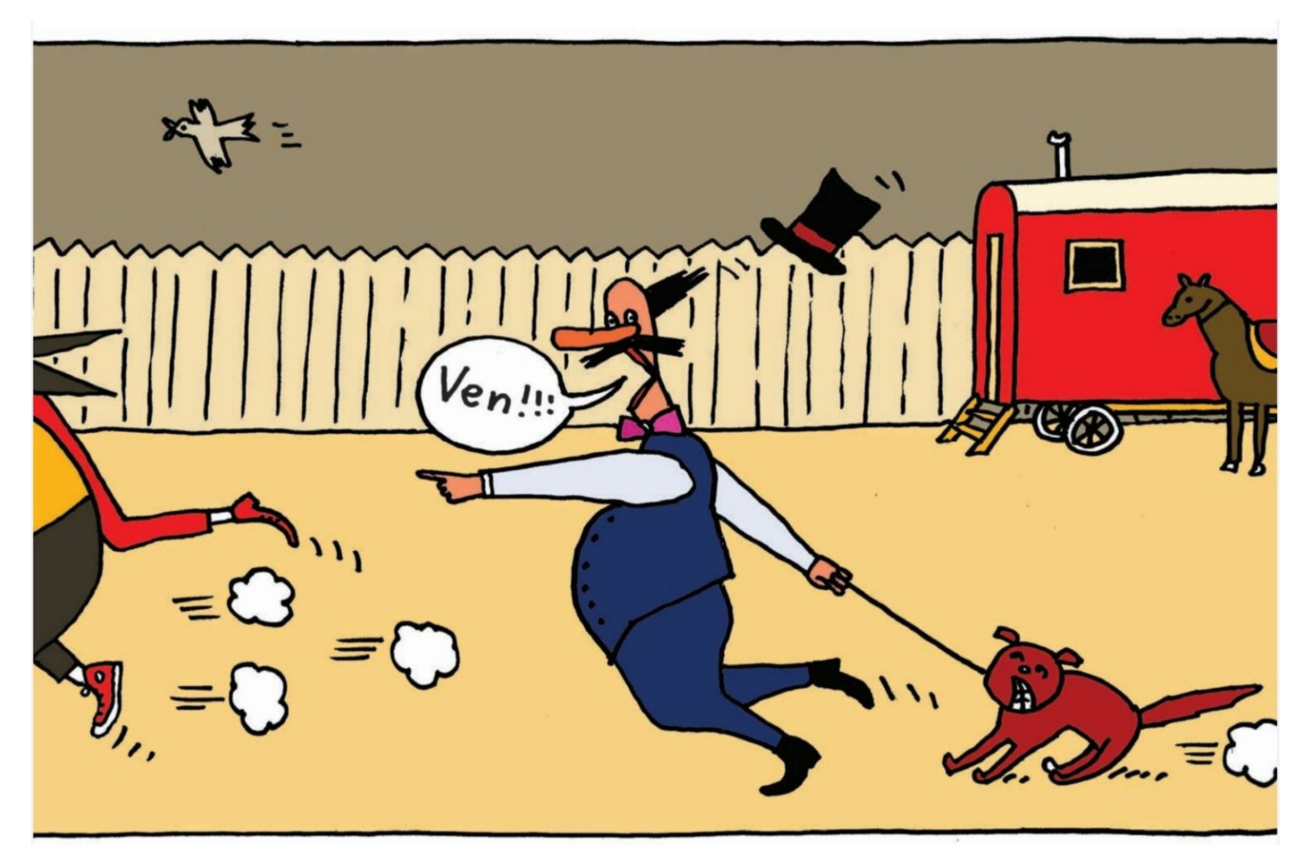
Mr. Buřtík got worried about his friend. With both hands, he lifted the headmaster like a feather and hung him on a horizontal bar. To be safe, he rocked him back and forth and then called out:

"Let's hurry, Mr. Špejlička!"

They grabbed their bag of puppies and a sparrow and ran east.


ARTIS
BEROBSE
NEKLOPIT
EVROPA


Já je dostanu!!!
OPICE
KLAUNI



They were already far away in the fields, and there was still an enthusiastic call from the circus audience behind them:

"Encore! Encore!"

"We’re a hit! Can we ever return? ”Mr. Špejlička stopped.

"I wouldn't come back," said a breathless Mr. Buřtík.

"You're right. We will try our luck in another field."

"Let's go!" Said Mr. Buřtík.

And on they went.



HOW THE TWO TURNED THEIR BAD LUCK AROUND

It was not a merry journey. A night on his neck, not a penny in his pocket, three hungry puppies and a domesticated sparrow in a ranch, and sad, sadness in his soul. Fortunately, they saw a stack.

A stack is a big pile of straw. Mr. Buřtík and Mr. Špejlička turned it into a bedroom. A stack turns into a bedroom very quickly, Just burrow into it and sleep.

They did sleep for a while, but in the morning they were bitterly cold. Mr. Buřtík didn’t need much, because he was big, even fat, the sparrow's feathers kept it warm, and the puppies were warming each other and the third with their fur. Mr. Špejlička, on the other hand, shook so that straw was rustling beneath him. No wonder. After all, he was like nothing. One biscuit and a sip of linden tea was enough for lunch, and if he hadn't carried a heavy OMEGA watch in his waistcoat pocket, he might have been blown away by the wind. Finally - why am I telling you this when you see it in the picture.

However, Mr. Buřtík did not let his friend freeze. He took off his wide jacket and wrapped it around Mr. Špejlička seven times. But as soon as the winter noticed, it hit him harder, and Mr. Buřtík had to run around the stack for the poor man to warm up.

As he trotted, he suddenly heard a shout.

He stopped, listened, as it sounded again.

It was Mr. Špejlička's voice.

Follow him to the stray lair.

"What happened? What's happening?"



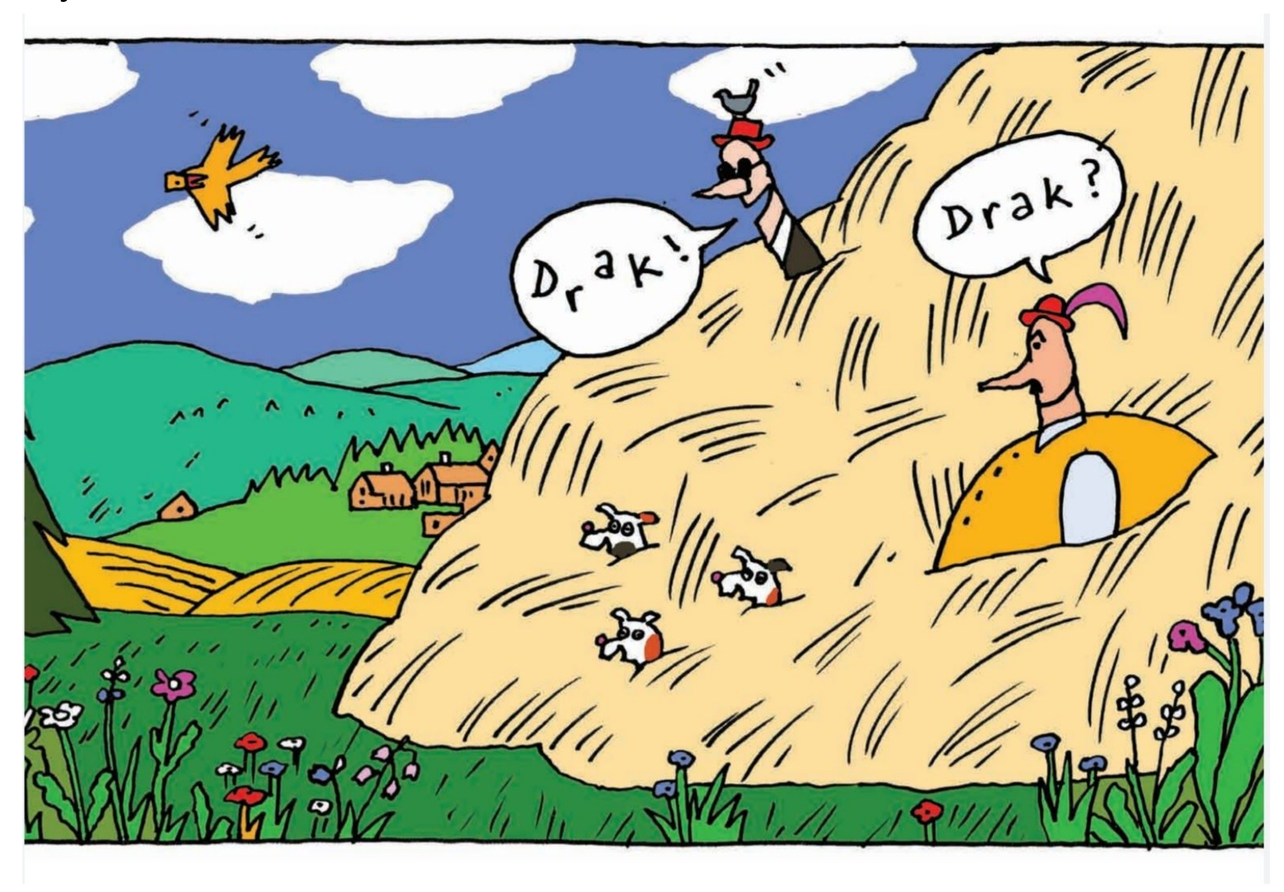
"Dragon! A living dragon! ”Breathed Mr. Špejlička.

I see. But something seems occurred to Mr. Buřtík. He took his friend's hand and said soothingly:

"Live dragons are only in fairy tales, Mr. Špejlička. Just sleep peacefully and don't think about those monsters anymore. "

However, it turned out that Mr. Špejlička was not sleeping. He sat down and said:

"I'm constantly thinking about how to make a living, and I've finally figured it out. It will be great. Tomorrow we will show the whole city what we can do."



Mr. Buřtík would like to know what is going on, but Mr. Špejlička did not want to tell him his idea, so as not to deprive him of surprises. He pulled himself out of the big jacket, then out of the stack and exclaimed:

"Glory, the weather wishes us!"

It was already dawn outside. Mr. Buřtík could not explain why his friend praised the weather so much. Dark clouds swept across the sky, and a cold wind blew through the grass. Before he could wonder, Mr. Špejlička had already urged him:



"Let's get the straw out of our clothes and up to the town of Žatec!"

However, on the way to the city, the puppies in the ranch began to whine hungrily. Mr. Buřtík raised Mr. Špejlička high above his head to look around to see if there was a cow in the area.

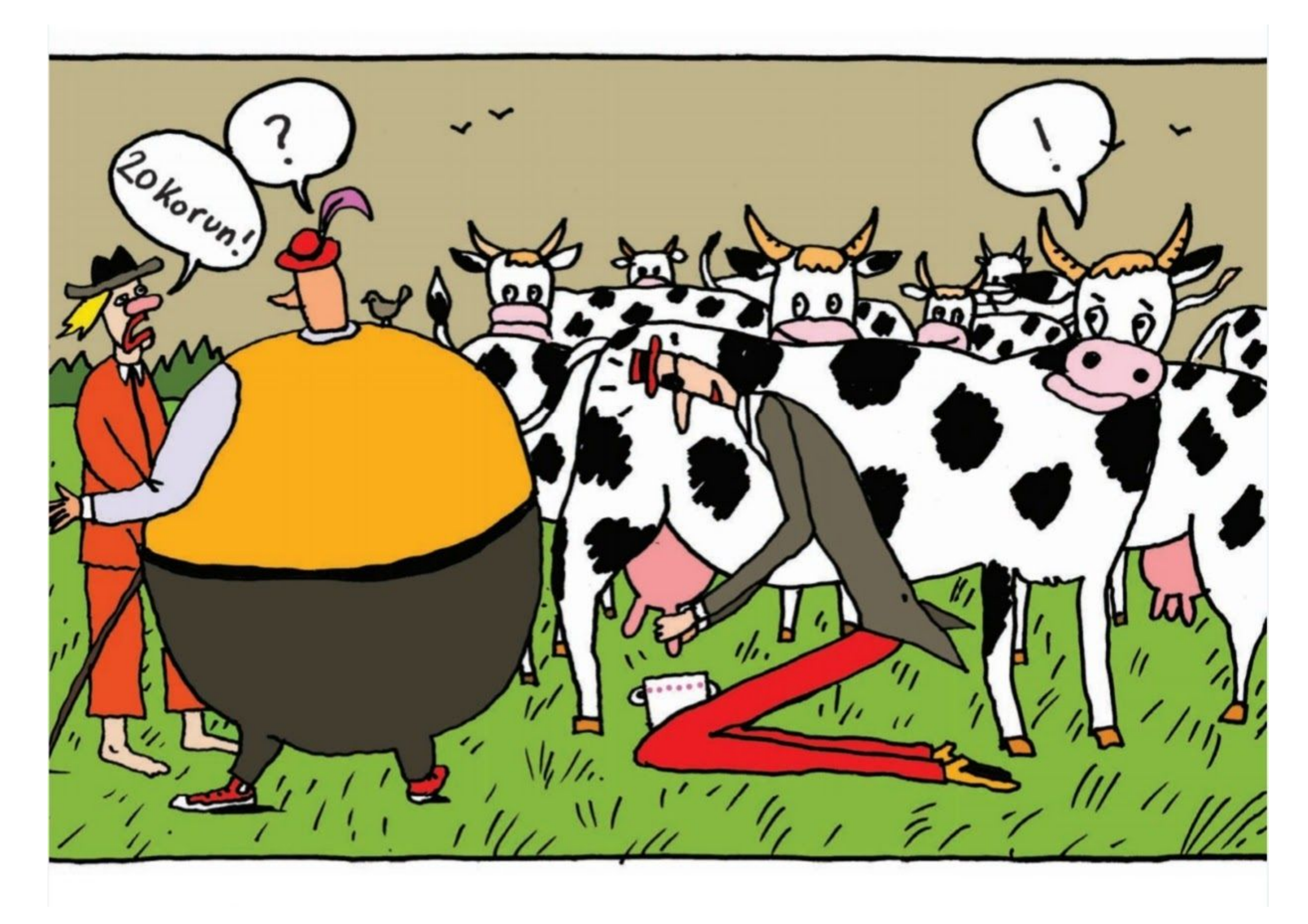
"Great! There is a whole herd by the forest," Mr. Špejlička reported, and when they reached him, he told the pimp:" We have three dogs and we need some milk for them. "

"I'll provide for those who pay well," the pimp replied.

Mr. Špejlička thought about it and then suggested:

"We are poor now, but we will get rich by evening. Then we will pay you richly."

However, the pimp did not even want to hear about it. Three cute puppies showed him in vain. He had no mercy. There's nothing you can do, Mr. Špejlička thought, I have to wink conspiratorially at a friend.



He did, and Mr. Buřtík knew immediately what it meant. He stood so that the pimp could not see the herd through his massive figure, and began to steal discreetly.

"How much would you like, my friend, for a liter of milk?" He asked.

"Twenty crowns," said the pimp.

"And what makes your milk so expensive?"

"It's because my cows give milk warmed, with foam," said the pimp, and while they were talking like this, Mr. Špejlička milked a saucepan full for the dogs. And they lapped it up!

When it seemed to Mr. Buřtík that his friend must be done with his work, he said:

"So I can go."

But he didn't go because he couldn't. He couldn't move his legs. He looked at the ground, and when he saw what had happened, he began to sweat.

He had forgotten that he was standing in a soft swamp, and as he spoke to the pimp, he did not even notice that he had sunk up to his knees.

His weight, which had already brought him suffering.

"Mr. Stick!" He called. "I need help, quick. Maybe a horse or a tractor with a lot of gas."

Mr. Špejlička rushed towards the village like a punch, because he did not miss the fact that Mr. Buřtík was sinking deeper and deeper by the moment.

Luckily, Mr. Špejlička met a tractor on the road.

"Hey there!" he called to the driver. "My friend is stuck in the swamp. Could you please pull him out?”

But the tractor driver replied:

"I can't because I'm going to lunch."

Some people are terribly stupid, Mr. Špejlička thought. He thinks only of his stomach. So I have to put all the cleverness I have into this.



"Sorry, sir, ignore me. I forgot your tractor has a weak engine," he said, waiting to see what it would do.

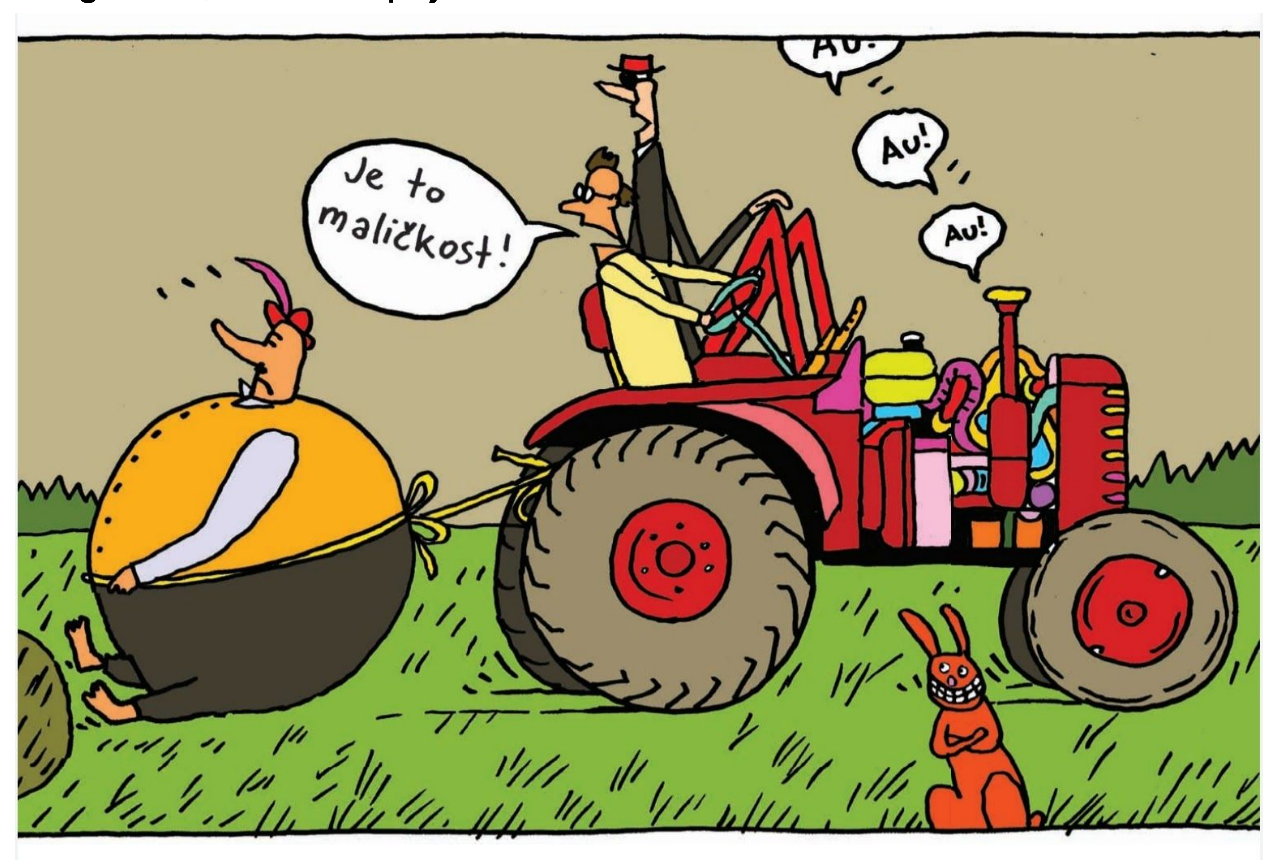
"My tractor has what?" The driver didn't want to believe his ears.

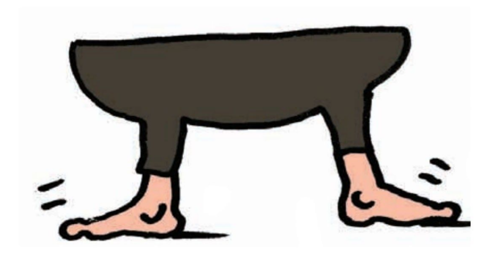
"A weak engine. Of course! As I look at it, I realize it wouldn't even budge my friend. I have to look for a more powerful machine," said Mr. Špejlička, pretending to want to leave.

But behind him the tractor slammed hard, and he said:

"Get on and show me the way. I’ll show you whether this tractor has power or not!”

They tied Mr. Buřtík to a rope, and the tractor pulled, pulled, and pulled until he was happily pulled free. His shoes remained deep in the ground, but Mr. Špejlička comforted his friend:

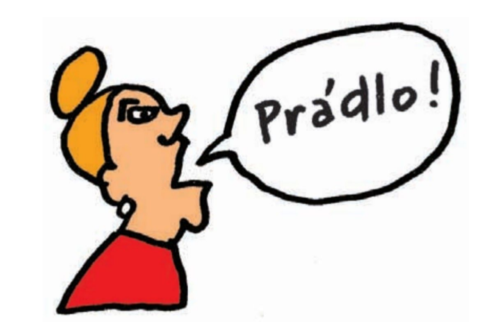




"Leave them there, they are just as wet. By evening we will have money like iron and you will buy new, beautifully painted ones."

And they set out.

As soon as they arrived at the first building of the town of Žatec, it began to rain. A lady in a white apron ran out the door and folded her arms:



"It'll get my clothes wet!"

She hurriedly collected shirts, duvets, and sheets in her arms, many of which hung on a clothesline. Mr. Špejlička glanced at Mr. Buřtík and they both started working quickly. One took pins, the other clothes, and before the big drops began to fall, everything was under the roof.

"Good people," the lady in a white apron smiled, "how can I reward you?"

"It was a small thing for us," said Mr. Špejlička, "but if you want to benefit us with much power, we would like to borrow the clothesline from you. We would return it in all honesty tomorrow."



The lady gladly lent them the cord, and when it stopped raining, she waved at the two gentlemen with emotion until they disappeared around the corner.

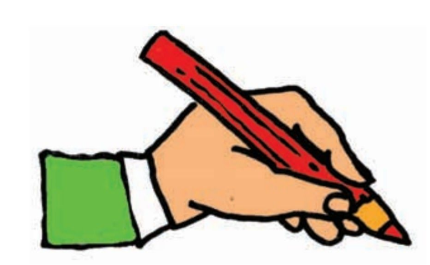
Around that corner they met class 5. B, led by teacher Valenta. Mr. Špejlička noticed that each student wears drawing quarters and crayons. He greeted politely and asked where they were going.

"We're going to the city park, where the students will draw trees," the teacher replied.

"And are your students good enough to make some posters for us?" Asked Mr. Špejlička.

"How could not," said teacher Valenta happily, "I have several excellent artists here, such as Zvolánek and Trčka."

And so the students laid out their tools in the park and Mr. Špejlička dictated:



"WORLD PREMIERE: A LIVING DRAGON!
DO NOT BE AFRAID, COME!
ANYONE WHO CANNOT COME, SEND A SIBLING.
START AT 3 O'CLOCK, ADMISSION 5 Kč."

The most beautiful poster was actually created by the pupils Zvolánek and Trčka.

They immediately ran to stick it in the square. The less successful ones were pinned to the fence and to the bus waiting room. The children wanted to know if the dragon would shoot fire and how many heads it had. Teacher Valenta was worried that the performance would be dangerous for school children. Mr. Špejlička just shook his head at all the questions:

"Don't worry, show up. I can't divulge more. "

The posters attracted a lot of spectators to the yard behind the river Ohří. One coin after another clinked into Mr. Buřtík's hat.



But there was more worry than joy on his face. After all, the production was supposed to start at any moment, and he still didn't know where Mr. Špejlička wanted to get a live dragon. What if he came up with something weird that burns everyone present and eventually closes them both like cheaters?

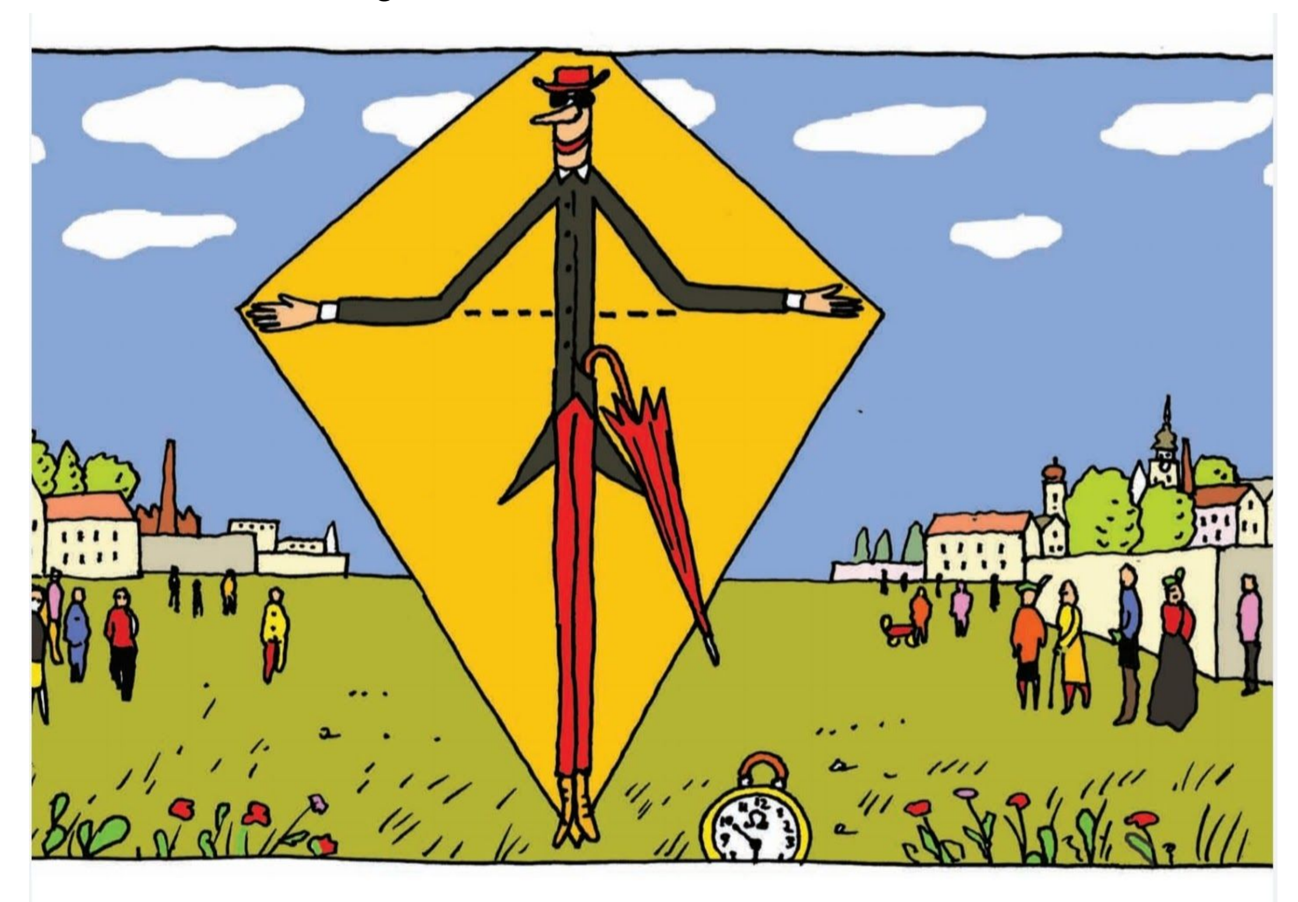
"Mr. Špejlička, my dear friend," he said pleadingly, "when in the world will you tell me where this living dragon is?"

Mr. Špejlička smiled and said:

"Dear Mr. Buřtík, I have intentionally left you in the dark until the last moment. I was afraid that you would disagree with the performance out of concern for my health. We can't back down now, so I'll tell you the secret. I will be the living dragon. "

"You will be the dragon?" Asked Mr. Buřtík.

"Yes, I will, because I will hover over the landscape. Grab the cords and hold on tight."



Now Mr. Buřtík already knew why a friend had unrolled the clothesline across the grass, why he had tied the end around his waist and why he had stretched a large poster in front of him. Mr. Buřtík will release a dragon, which has the live Mr. Špejlička instead of skewers.

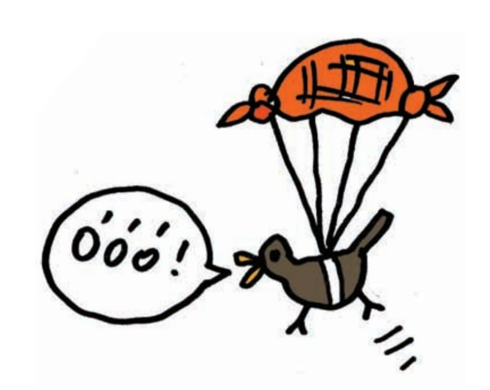

Neuvěřitelné!
Jéé!

But what if something happens? What if the brave airman crashes?

Mr. Buřtík quickly ran among the spectators. There he asked a third-grader Blanka Koudelová to lend him her red umbrella, and he pledged her puppies. He slipped the umbrella into Mr. Špejlička's belt and said:

"If worse comes to worst, you can use it as a parachute."

"Thank you. Thank you very much," replied Mr. Špejlička and it was clearly visible in his eyes how moved he was by his friend's care.



When Mr. Buřtík reached the other end of the clothesline and grabbed it as tightly as possible, Mr. Špejlička reached into his waistcoat pocket and pulled out his large OMEGA pocket watch, which he wore as an anchor from the wind. He laid it on the ground and felt as light as a feather.

All the spectators suddenly fell silent. In that eager silence, only the wind could be heard, tweeting through the stalks like whistles.

Then Mr. Buřtík tightened the cord and ran.



Two or three jumps were enough. Mr. Špejlička detached from the ground and climbed majestically to the sky. It was extraordinarily beautiful. The audience sighed in amazement and the applause knew no bounds.



Suddenly Mr. Buřtík noticed. It was as if something was coming down from Mr. Špejlička. What can it be? It's their domesticated sparrow! Mr. Špejlička made a parachute from his checkered handkerchief and taught him to fly. An excellent idea!

What else is there to say? Other than that Mr. Špejlička finally landed safely, responsibly returned the clothesline to the good lady, that they had a full hat of money and did not have to sleep in a stack, that they had prepared a feast for their puppies and sparrow, and that Mr. Buřtík bought new shoes, beautifully painted.

When the wind blows from the grass, they may also come to you and see the two faithful friends with your own eyes.


Pocem!


Pocem!
Pocem!
Pocem!

PHARMACY AT THE WHITE MOUSE

The autumn days, when there is no shortage of wind, were a golden period for Mr. Buřtík and Mr. Špejlička. They traveled from city to city and made a living by making a living dragon, earning a living not only for themselves, but also for the three dogs, which were slowly becoming really loud. They also bought a new, much longer line, so that the live dragon reached incredible heights during public performances. But then it got cold, and let Mr. Špejlička into the cloud in the cold. After all, he was so thin that he could change behind his whip, and suddenly he would freeze to the bone.

It was necessary to look for a new livelihood. At Mr. Špejlička's intercession, Mr. Buřtík got a job as a cabbage teaser for a while.

"You will save," Mr. Špejlička advised the peasants. "You pay one person, and that person weighs three."

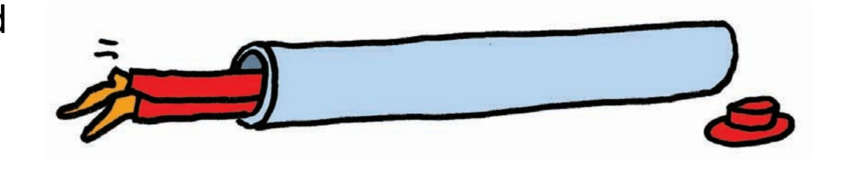
And so Mr. Buřtík was lifted by a hoist into a large tub with grated cabbage, and he walked around barefoot there for days. What we're going to talk about wasn't an interesting job, and Mr. Buřtík took a deep breath when all the cabbage was trampled and it could sour in peace. Mr Špejlička had another opportunity. He worked on the restoration of the internal coatings of narrow pipes.

Mr. Špejlička liked painting, but being stretched out in a pipe all day was also no honey. While other workers stretched after work to straighten their backs, Mr. Špejlička crouched because he was stretched.



"We have to come up with something nice that would not only feed us, but also delight us," Mr. Špejlička said, thinking so hard that his trailed hat lifted on its own like a lid on a pot as potatoes were cooked. "Because only comforted work is right for a person. And also to be together. You in the cabbage and I in the pipe, I really didn't like it."

Mr. Buřtík stroked his belly, which was starting to growl of hunger, and says:



"What kind of man are you, my friend? How does so much goodness come from you? After all, what do you need for yourself? You eat like our sparrow and all the food we buy is actually consumed by me, because I am naturally carnivorous. If you only had to fend for yourself, you would float around the world carefree like a feather."

"It's a nice comparison with that feather," replied Mr. Špejlička, "but how would such a feather feel on its own without a good friend like you? Didn't you think of that? I would not wish such a sad hovering to anyone. And besides, each of our Pocem eats more slowly than you do. "

(Here we have to explain that their three dogs were the same indistinguishable, and therefore did not have different names, but for simplicity, they were all called "Pocem", which is pronounced "Come Here".)

When the Pocems heard that they were being talked about, they immediately pricked up



their ears and began wagging their tails happily, thinking that it would be feeding.

"Calm down, dogs, calm, but we're thinking of something," Mr. Špejlička scratched at the loose skin under his neck, then began trodding back and forth on his long, thin legs, as he had come up with his best ideas while walking.

"If I watch your long and brisk step," said Mr. Buřtík after a moment, "you would be a sacramentally good lineman."

Mr Špejlička's flexible step halted:

"Do you mean I hope a policeman whose job is to patrol the streets, keep his eyes on the pins, and act promptly in the event of any dishonesty?"

"That's exactly what I mean!" Said Mr. Buřtík. "I'd like to see a criminal run away from you."

"There's something wrong," Mr. Špejlička smiled flatteringly. "But there's one catch: What would you do? I'd like to see a criminal who doesn't run away from you. "

"That's true," Mr. Buřtík had to admit. A police lineman was not a job they could perform together.

"Unless ..." Mr. Špejlička took off his tralaláček hat and began to fan himself, because his head was completely hot with feverish thinking.

"Unless what?" Mr. Buřtík hung with eager eyes.

"Unless I ..."

"Don't strain me, man, I can't stand it!" Insisted Mr. Buřtík.

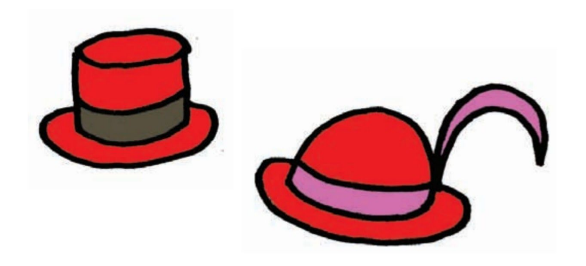
"Unless I, as a police patrolman ..."

"You don't have a heart, it's bad for my health, straining me like this!" moaned Mr. Buřtík.

Then Mr. Špejlička put his hat back on his head, which meant he already had it:

"Unless I, as a police officer, am a lineman who has handcuffs with me..."

"It has its own, it belongs to the armament. You're out!" Agreed Mr. Buřtík.



"Unless I tie the perpetrator to you with those irons !?"

"To me?" Mr. Buřtík did not understand, whom his friend's amazing acumen often found unprepared.

"Because no criminal can run away with you in pairs. Yes, with me. I would follow him on the run like a long scarf. But you, my friend, like you have a bag of cement with you! "

"Three bags of cement!" Mr. Buřtík corrected him truthfully, and he was already laughing at the whole round, because he understood the ingenuity of his friend's idea.

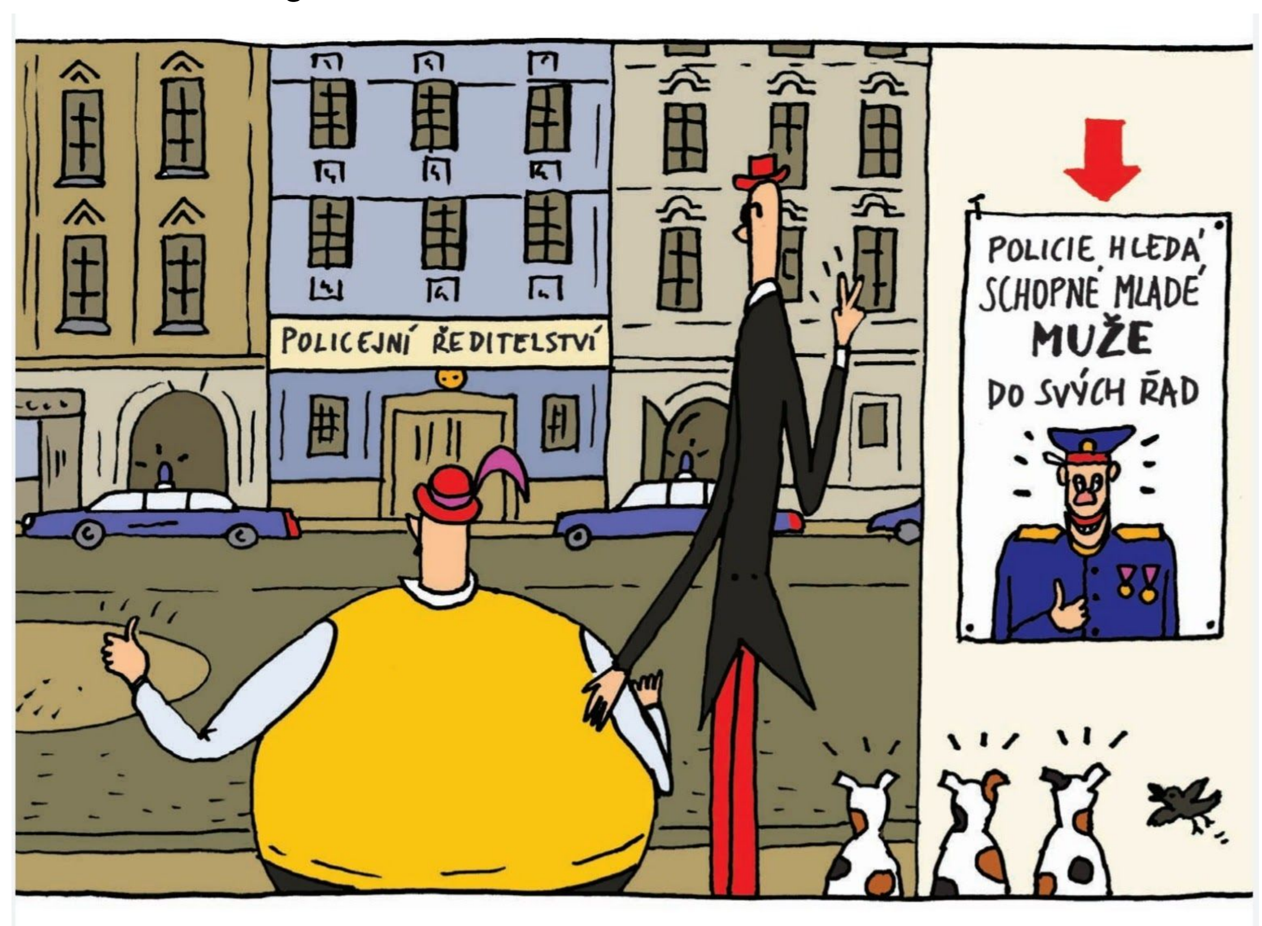
And so they went to the police headquarters. At the entrance, they read a poster that encouraged them.

THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR ABLE YOUNG MEN TO SIGN UP

"We may not be completely young," said Mr. Špejlička, "but we will balance it with our abilities."

"We're exporting!" Mr. Buřtík sat down in a chair in the waiting room, which turned into a pile of chips beneath him.

An officer greeted them at the office and said:



"We'll take you on a trial basis, guys. If you prove yourself, you have a great future ahead of you.”

For Mr. Buřtík, they sewed a police uniform from almost three normal uniforms and dressed Mr. Špejlička from the trimmings. They also received belts, batons, gags and handcuffs. As soon as they walked down the street, fate gave them an ideal opportunity to prove themselves.

A suspicious man swayed around a damaged car. He checked all the door handles and peered in through the windows.

"Do you see him?” Whispered Mr. Špejlička.

"I see. Car robber. A clear case," said Officer Buřtík.

But he immediately doubted it: "Would he steal a few steps from the police headquarters?"

"It simply came to our attention. These brazen people think they’re hidden when directly under the streetlight," Mr. Špejlička said in his ear.

Both linemen got discreetly behind the perpetrator's back. He had just inserted a screwdriver over the windshield glass and, with experienced thief movements, carefully liked it until he got up
made a crack.

"Is that your car, sir?" Mr. Buřtík struck him.

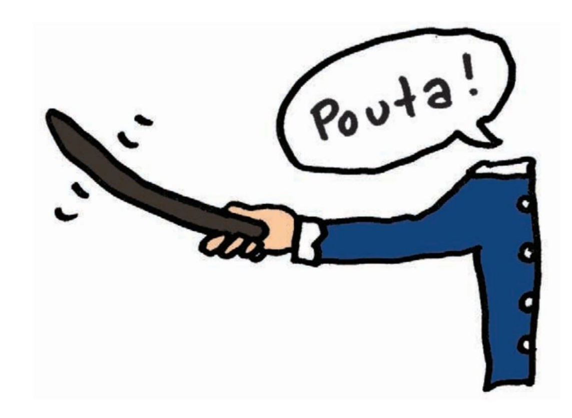
"No," the perpetrator said, inserting a long wire into the crevice.

"So it's a foreign car?"

"Yeah," the thief muttered without turning, bending his wire in various ways.

"And you want to get into it?"

"I'll get into it, too," the perpetrator muttered cheekily.



"He confessed! Prepare handcuffs, colleague, "Mr. Špejlička whispered.

Mr. Buřtík tried to unlock the handcuffs, but he couldn't.

"Show me, please. Is it a problem to unlock the handcuffs?” Mr. Špejlička tried to turn the key, but he couldn't either.

"Do you need to unlock something?" The thief asked, concentrating on his burglary.

"Yeah, here it is," Mr. Špejlička handed him the handcuffs and a bunch of keys.

"You have the wrong key. This could be it, "said the thief, and with an experienced movement of the handcuffs, he unlocked it.

And as soon as he did, Mr. Špejlička clicked one on his hairy wrist and put the other on Mr. Buřtík.

"So! And now you won't run away if you cut yourself! ”He exclaimed.

Only now did the perpetrator turn to them and see that they were police officers. But instead of getting scared, he started laughing:

"Are you two from the police?"

"We are a police patrol and you will come with us!" Said Mr. Špejlička strictly.

"I have never seen such a patrol before! You could play as a comic couple in a movie, ”the thief shouted, wiping tears of laughter with the back of his free hand.

"You will be laughed at by the police headquarters," said Mr. Špejlička.

However, the perpetrator kept laughing and started calling:

“Come on! Come on!”

"He wants to call an accomplice," Mr. Špejlička decided.

"What is it?" Mr. Buřtík wanted to know.

"He's an accomplice."

"Shall we put a gag?"

"Put it on!" Mr. Špejlička said firmly.



But the perpetrator did not want a gag. Mr. Buřtík held him by the collar and Mr. Špejlička tried to stuff it in his mouth. But the detainee kept shouting “Venco! Venco!" Then his mouth was gagged and there was silence. And with the silence they heard a voice behind them, saying, "What the hell are you doing?!"

It was a police officer who recruited them.

"We detained the perpetrator when he wanted to break into this car!" Reported Mr. Špejlička in caution.

"I'll give you the culprit! After all, he is my friend, an excellent locksmith Pánek, whom I personally called to open my personal car because I locked the keys in the trunk by accident! ”

"This is your personal car?" Said Mr. Špejlička .

"Sure! And right behind him is Mr. Pánek's van!” shouted the angry officer.

And indeed, the van said in capital letters:

VIKTOR MEN LOCKSMITH CAN OPEN ANY LOCK

"Thanks, Venco," the ragged Lord breathed as he was stripped. He added: "If you recruit such people to the police, we have something to look forward to. Look how they set me up. "

The officer said:

"I see your point, Viktor, but I also dismiss it. You two change into civilian clothes and watch the lubrication."



So they changed and lubricated themselves.

"Somehow it didn't work out for us," said Mr. Buřtík.

"I have the impression, too," Mr. Špejlička nodded sadly.

However, in nearby Husova Street, they met the pharmacist Brukner, who was even sadder than they were. He shuffled as if he were going from a funeral, and his eyes were wet, as if he were going from a funeral. Even his red bow tie on his neck was drooping sadly.

"Sir, what happened?" Mr. Špejlička asked.

"I'm unhappy, gentlemen," said the pharmacist, blowing his nose.

"You, unhappy? You who add a smile to every ointment for free and add a funny story to each drop?" Mr. Špejlička patted him on the back.

"They canceled my pharmacy, gentlemen," said the master.

"What? Your famous pharmacy U Bílé myšky, which has been on the corner of Husova and Žižkova streets for at least fifty years?" Asked Mr. Špejlička.



"Yes, gentlemen. There will be a games room instead. I just packed everything in boxes."



"Is a playroom where it looks like hell and where fools are allowed to turn around for all their money and then return home to hungry children who search in vain for a pretzel in their father's pocket, is such a playroom more necessary than a pharmacy?" Mr. Buřtík did not understand.

"It's not more necessary, but it will pay the owner more. I'm just going to say goodbye to my pharmacy. Don't you want to attend the ceremony?" Said the pharmacist.

Of course they wanted to.

The ceremony was simple. Master Brukner poured each a glass of ferrous wine, which is good for blood, and said:

"Goodbye, my beloved pharmacy. I won't find one like you anymore. "

And then he ran his hand along the pharmacy's ornate walnut counter, they clinked, and drank the iron wine.

As they prepared to leave, Mr. Špejlička asked if the Master would allow them to stay in the canceled pharmacy before they turned it into a playroom.

"If you have nowhere to sleep, why not," said Mr. Brukner. "At least I'll not worry about anyone stealing my medicine boxes here."

And so they spent the night in the pharmacy U Bílé myšky. Mr. Buřtík brought all three Pocems, the sparrows laid the nest in a box with wood wool, and they slept well in the smell of herbs and all sorts of syrups.

Only Mr. Špejlička did not sleep. In his head, like a cauldron, they mixed, diluted, and thickened various ideas until he came up with the right recipe.

In the morning, he woke Mr. Buřtík asking if he would lend him his sharp folding knife. He came out of the pharmacy with the knife. Mr. Buřtík watched from the inside through the window glass as he climbed to the top and tried to reach somewhere up. Even though Mr. Špejlička was tall, he could not get through the gate, not where he wanted to go.



Mr. Buřtík came out and said:

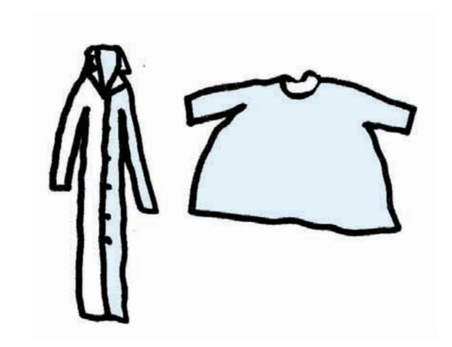
"You know what? Get on my back! ”

At first, Mr. Spejlicka was taken aback by how abruptly his friend was talking to him, but when Mr. Burtik knelt on the sidewalk, he was relieved and stood on his back like a stool and doing something up there. It seemed to Mr. Burtik that his friend was scraping his knife because some fine black powder was falling from above.

"May I ask what you're doing?" He asked.

"Surprise," Mr. Špejlička said, jumping to the ground.

Then he found a pharmaceutical cloak in a box and immediately tried



one. Then he found a pharmaceutical cloak in a box and quickly tried it on. He hung on his thin body like a scarecrow in a cabbage, but he didn't mind. It was worse to dress Mr. Burtik in a white coat. They were all small to him, so they put it on him backwards. From the front, Mr. Burtik looked behind the counter like a doctor during surgery, but his back was bare. In a smaller box, they found the red bow ties that the pharmacist Brukner loved to wear, and immediately tied them on as well.

So they stood waiting for customers.

"The pharmacy is canceled, so no one will come here," Mr. Buřtík decided after a while.

"It hasn't shut yet," Mr. Špejlička reassured him.

And he was right. A person was heading across the street to the pharmacy. She was a skinny lady like a greyhound.

"Hide!" Mr. Špejlička ordered, and his fat friend crouched under the counter with effort.

"Hello," said the lady. "Master, I'm underweight. Wouldn't you have something to help me gain a pound?”

"We have very effective pills for that," said Master Špejlička and disappeared under the counter. "And I'll swallow one right here to demonstrate how fast it works," he said. Then he elbowed Mr. Buřtík.

When Mr. Buřtík emerged from under the counter, the emaciated lady staggered with fright.

"Wow! Get fat like this! I wouldn't even want that! Isn't it possible less? ”

"It's not working," Mr. Buřtík smiled at her.

"Don't you have some water? I'm about to faint from shock," the skinny begged.

Mr. Buřtík leaned under the pharmacy counter and then Mr. Špejlička stood up with a glass of water in his hand.

"Propane king, have you taken anything to lose weight now?! I have to send my sister-in-law here. She is so obese that she won't do anything," said the lady and drank.

"Dear lady," Mr. Špejlička bowed to his audience. "You have just visited the Buřtík and Špejlička pharmacies. Mr. Buřtík, come out!”

"Wow! Scare someone like that! You may not even be pharmacists, but fraudsters!” Said the thin lady.



Mr. Špejlička took her lightly by the pointed elbow and said:

"Please come in front of the store. There you will see that this is not a scam, but that we have what we offer on the sign."

When the three of them came out on the sidewalk, Mr. Špejlička pointed to a sign, where it was not written PHARMACY, but PHARMACY.

Only Mr. Buřtík understood what Mr. Špejlička had scraped off with a knife when he climbed on his back, and that the black powder was the accent above the E.


LEKÁRNA
OTEVŘENO!
To jsem se krásně lekl!
Nápad za všechny peníze!
?

"So you opened a scarecrow shop," the first customer smiled. "That's a million dollar idea!"

"Well, not to everyone," said Mr. Špejlička, "but we would welcome some money for the fun. We have three dogs, they eat as arranged, my colleague Buřtík also... eats quite a lot... But it's voluntary."



"And do you know I'll be happy to give you?" The lady said, snatching a new, freshly minted twenty-crown from her purse. "Because it was worth it. And I'll send my sister-in-law here. Have an experience too. "

And so our friends had their first rest.

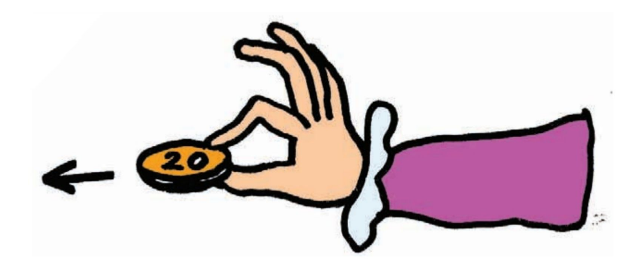
The obese sister-in-law came to the pharmacy the same day. You certainly know how the visit went, but to be sure, I will tell you so that no one accidentally thinks, as Mr. Buřtík thought, that Mr. Špejlička will be the one to welcome her again.

"On the contrary, colleague, YOU must welcome the lady. Otherwise, it wouldn't work," the thin master explained to his friend.

And so it was.

"Hello," the sister-in-law said. "Master, I'm overweight. Wouldn't you have something to lose a pound?"

"We have very effective pills for that," said Master Buřtík, and disappeared under the counter. "And I'll swallow one right here to see how fast it works," he said.



When Mr. Špejlička emerged from under the counter, the obese lady staggered with fright.

"Wow! Lose weight like this! I wouldn't even want that! Isn't it possible less? ”



"It's not working," Mr. Špejlička smiled at her.

When they got the lady out of this way, they also brought her out in front of the shop and another coin jingled for them, followed by another and another, and the next day they had to tell the customers: “Enter one by one. Please wait outside to give other customers their privacy.”

There weren't just people who wanted to lose weight or gain weight.

For example, there was an 80-year-old customer who wanted pills to live to be a hundred years old.

"If you close your eyes and set your palm, I would have something for you," said Mr. Špejlička. The customer did so and Mr. Špejlička continued: “Imagine that eighty is a sparrow and one hundred is a pigeon. You got it?"

"I have," said the man with his eyes closed, and Master Špejlička placed the sparrow in his palm.



When the man opened his eyes and saw the bird with happy eyes, he said:

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"That means: Better a sparrow in the hand than a pigeon on the roof," Mr. Špejlička replied.

"You're kidding!" Said the man.

"That's why we're here!" Mr. Špejlička laughed, and the customer also started laughing and said it was a pharmacy for all the money, and then he let go of some.

That's how it went until Thursday. It was getting dark when two shaved men came to the former pharmacy. They were weird. They had various numbers tattooed on their arms, and one had JACK written between those numbers and the other POT.



"Is anyone here?" Jack exclaimed.

Mr. Špejlička and Mr. Buřtík were under the counter, and because they did not like the voice, they did not answer.



"I want a dog here," Pot said, which could be translated as "there's no animal here."

"I don't want to!" Mr. Špejlička wailed in a haunting voice.

"Who said that?" Jack shouted as the empty pharmacy spread.

But no one answered him.

"Probably the pharmacist," said the other tattoo.

"I doubt it," Jack said. "The dog won't bark after that."

"She's going to bark!" Mr. Špejlička said in a strangled voice from under the counter, and as he said it, one of the Pocems in the kennel behind the shelves barked.

Jack and Pot looked uncertainly at each other and saw that goosebumps jumped on their muscular arms that the numbers were no longer legible.

"I don't like it here," Jack said.

"Me neither," Pot said. "This is not the right place for a game room."

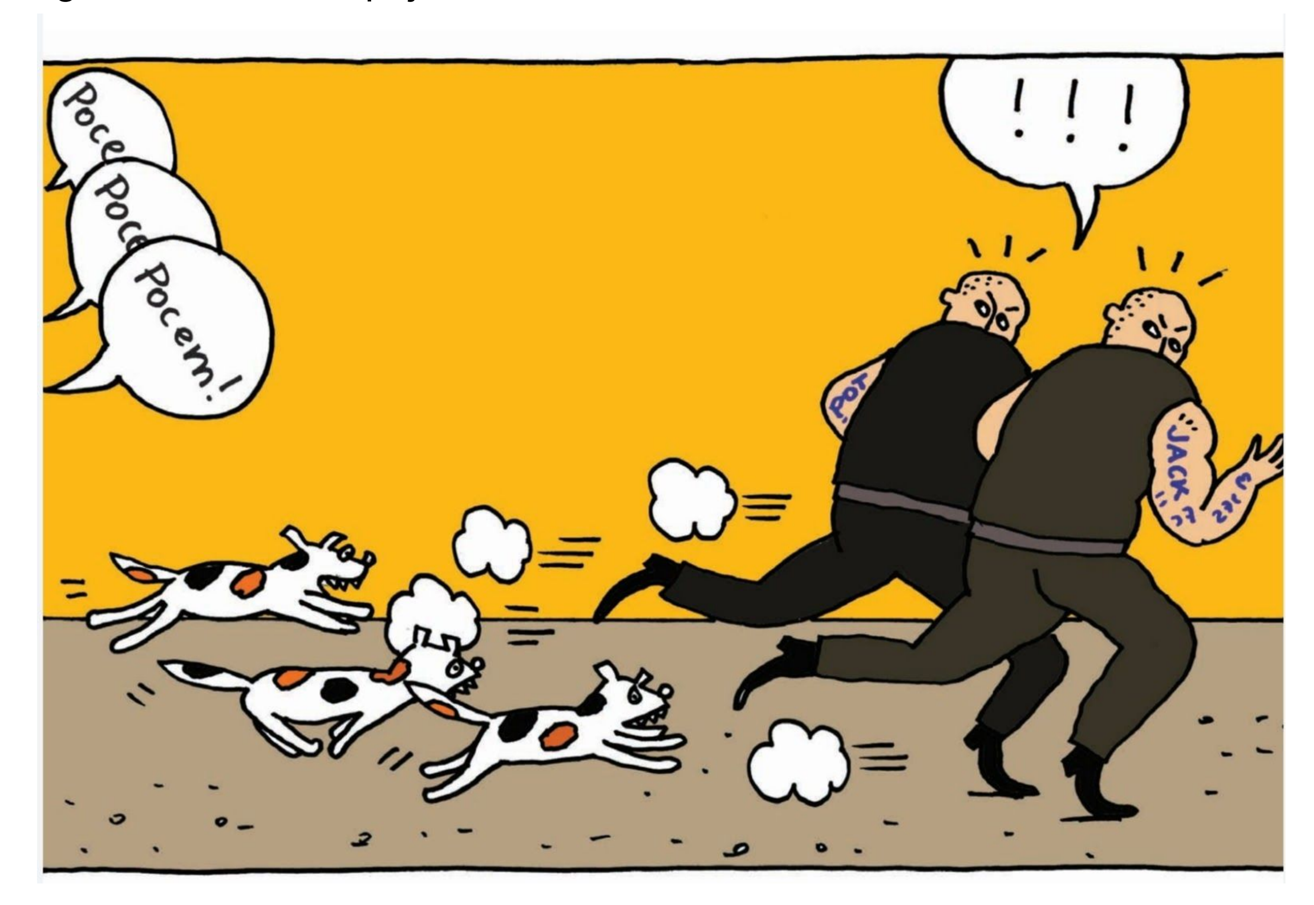
"Nope. It's haunted here and it's cold like a dog shop."

"It's a doghouse too!" Cried Mr. Špejlička and Mr. Buřtík in haunting voices.

And when Mr. Špejlička shouted: "Pocem!", All three Pocems rushed out of the den with a cruel bark, and before the tattoos found the door, each dog managed to pluck a piece of their pants as a souvenir.

"Imagine, friends, that the gentlemen of the game room have lost interest in these spaces," said Master Brukner as he walked cheerfully into the U Bílé myšky pharmacy in the morning.

"So we'll unpack the boxes of powders, ointments and lotions again?" Said Mr. Špejlička.



"Let's unpack, lads," the master rubbed his delicate apothecary hands.

"In that case, I would need a little black to restore the accent above E on the sign," said Mr. Špejlička.

"For now, do it with charcoal, which is good for a rotten stomach, or black ointment, which pulls out wounds," said pharmacist Brukner, kneeling next to the box.



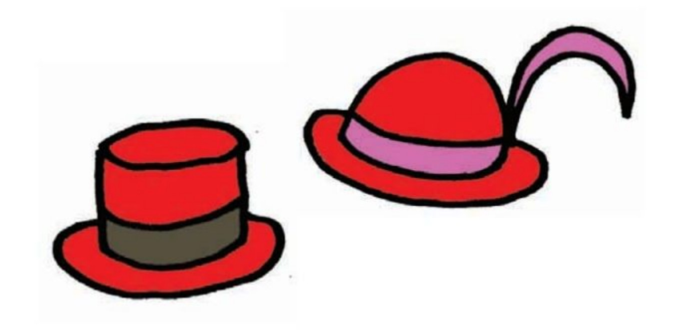
And so Mr. Buřtík and Mr. Špejlička proved themselves again.

If you are looking for them, you will probably find them at the U Bílé myšky pharmacy. One is said to be cleaning there and the other is in charge of administering medication from the top shelves.



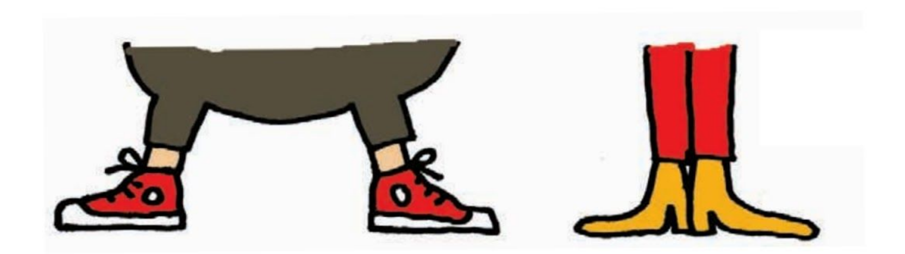


OBSAH



Zdeněk Svěrák

Pan Buřtík a pan Špejlička



Ilustroval Jiří Votruba
Graficky upravil Vladimír Vimr
V nakladatelství Albatros vydala v Praze roku 2010